

Kingston Falls

"Armada On Mercury"

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Godspeed.
The waves have not slowed.
The storm has not ceased.
If we make it out tonight, we make it out alive.
We make it out tonight.

Salt thickens the bitter air.
Screams ride the waves for miles.
Despite the sight, this night of blight,
the height of fight just feels so right.
Calm light awaits the pure.
The others shall be swallowed.

Say a prayer for your brothers.
It's all we have.

We are a fleet in the rains of tyranny,
destined for glory.
God, if we shall cease, rest us in peace.
For tonight, we dine at sea.
Darkness is rising.

Load the arms, ready the sails.
Repent thy sins
Load the arms, ready the sails.
Repent thy sins

When you're out to sea you can understand hell.
But, when you're lost at sea, you always find yourself.

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